

J U D I T H,

SACRED DRAMA:

As performed in the

Church of Stratford upon Avon,

On Occasion of the

J U B I L E E

Held there, SEPTEMBER 6, 1769,

In Honour of the

MEMORY of SHAKESPEARE.

THE WORDS BY

MR. BICKERSTAFF,

THE MUSIC BY

DR. ARNOLD.

L O N D O N :

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**PRINCIPAL PERFORMERS.**

MRS. B A D D E L Y.

MRS. B A R T L E M O N.

MISS W E L L E R.

MR. V E R N O N.

MR. C H A M P N E S S.

MASTER B R O W N.

FIRST VIOLIN,

MR. R I C H A R D S.

Conducted by the Composer,

D R. A R N E.

The Lines mark'd thus “”, and some few others, are  
left out in the Performance.

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DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

DEAR SIR,

**A**T a Time when you are paying a grateful Tribute to the Memory of a Poet, to whom I have often heard you ascribe all the Advantages you enjoy; I hope you will not be offended, if a meaner Son of *Parnassus*, should seize the Opportunity, in Order to do a little Justice to yourself. Those who only see and hear, admire you; but those who are happy enough to know, and converse with you, must love and esteem you; and I cannot see why the one has not as good a Right to testify their Feelings, as the other.

Looking over numerous Dedications to which the Name of *Mr. Garrick* is prefix'd, I generally find them, to be Addresses of Thanks from Poets, the Success of whose Pieces, has been confessedly owing, to the Assistance he was pleased to afford them; and whose Profits were consequently, in a great Measure, the Effects of his bounty. The Author of this Poem has few Obligations to him of that Kind: he does not, therefore, make it an Offering to the Superiority of *Mr. Garrick's* Talents, but to the Goodness  
of

of his Heart; his engaging Manners; and to that happy Disposition, which ever inclines him to befriend the deserving; and renders him incapable of doing a cruel or unjust Thing by any one.

Extensive Fame, and a large Fortune, acquired by Merit, must create Enemies; it is a Truth, which the Experience of all Ages teaches us to believe; and, distinguished as you are in both these Circumstances, (at the same Time that your Situation unavoidably engages you, with a Set of People, who must often be exasperated by being told the Truth) it cannot be supposed, that you enjoy a particular Exemption from the Fate of eminent Men: But was the Roman Conqueror lessened, by the abusive Slave appointed to follow his Triumph? Proceed, and let Envy rail on: All the World knows, it is only a Thing of Course.

I am,

With particular Esteem,

D E A R S I R,

Your obliged, and most

affectionate, humble Servant,

ISAAC BICKERSTAFF.



---

# J U D I T H.

## A C T I. S C E N E I.

*A public Place in the City; several of the People of Bitbulia lying prostrate about an Altar: CHARMIS, with other Elders.*

### C H O R U S.

**F**A T H E R of mercies lend thine ear,  
Behold us with a pitying Eye;  
Thy wretched, suppliant people hear;  
Help, help, O LORD! or else we die.

*Char.* Well may ye morn, O miserable race!  
Well may ye mourn: the angel of destruction,  
Ev'n now on wing, malignant hovers o'er us,  
And show'rs upon our heads the wrath of Heaven.

*A Man.* Ye are the cause, ye governors and rulers,  
Of the dire mischiefs that are fallen upon us.  
Why fought ye not a peace with these Assyrians  
Ere they approach'd our city? Now their troops  
Encompass us about, have seiz'd our springs,  
And, thro' a dearth of water, all must perish.

### A I R.

*A Woman.* O torment great, too great to bear;  
Parch'd up with thirst I burn, I rage;  
Distraction! horror! and despair!  
Give me, this fury to assuage:  
One drop, from some yet moist'ned bowl,  
To cool the fever in my soul.

## J U D I T H.

## S C E N E II.

CHARMIS, THE PEOPLE, OZIAS.

*A Man.* Throw wide our gates, let Holofernes enter  
With all his troops, and spoil us! we will serve him:  
And better so to serve, than to behold  
Our wives and children die before our faces.

*Ozias.* Brethren take courage, let us yet endure  
Five days, and if within that space the LORD  
Turn not his mercy towards us, we will do  
According to the words ye now have spoken.

## A I R.

Be humble, suff'ring, trust in God,  
Who joys not with the chaf'ning rod  
To shew his pow'r divine;  
No, he is good as well as great,  
And men, that will not patient wait,  
Rebel, when they repine.

## S C E N E III.

*Changes to the House of JUDITH, who enters, follow'd by a female Attendant.*

*Jud.* Have then our miseries at length subdued us?  
And must these heathens lord it o'er the race  
Of abject Israel,

*Attend.* Within five days,  
Bithulia shall be plundered; our young men  
Slain with the sword; our virgins violated;  
And the small remnant must groan out a life  
In slavery and exile.



*Jud.* Know'st thou not  
 What wonders the ALMIGHTY can perform?  
 Oh weak of faith! should God stretch forth his arm,  
 Is it too late to save his sinking people?  
 I feel my spirit stir'd with strange emotions!  
 Raise, raise some potent strain, whilst I retiring,  
 In holy meditation seek the LORD.

[*She retires to some distance*]

A I R.

*Attend.*

Wake my harp! to melting measures;  
 Pour thy softest, sweetest treasures,  
 Such as lift the thoughts on high;  
 Till the rapt soul, earth forfaking,  
 Heaven-ward it's flight is taking,  
 On the wings of harmony.

*Jud.* Where are the ancients of the city? Lead me,  
 This instant lead me to them. With some vast  
 Design my soul is big! Yet what am I,  
 Most Gracious! what am I, that thou shouldst do  
 This thing, and by an instrument so feeble  
 Blazon thy glorious name among the nations?

A I R.

Advent'rous, lo! I spread the sail,  
 Steering where patriot virtue guides;  
 That marks my passage, points the gale,  
 And pilot at my helm presides.  
 With stedfast heart I quit the shore;  
 Nor man's assistance deign to court;  
 The star of mercy goes before,  
 In promise of a joyful port.

## SCENE V.

*Changes to a public Place in the City. OZIAS, CHARMIS, Elders  
and People. JUDITH enters to them with her Attendant.*

*Ozias.* Brethren, behold! the widow of Menasses,  
Judith, for wisdom, and for beauty fam'd:  
This way she comes attended by her damsel.

*Daughter, what wouldst thou?*

*Jud.* Hear me, O ye rulers!  
Ye have not rightly done to tempt the LORD,  
By swearing, that, unless within five days  
He turn'd to help us, ye would yield the city.

*Charm.* The rash inhabitants compell'd us to it.  
But intercede with God, that he may send  
Rain from the clouds, and we shall faint no more.

## CHORUS.

When Israel wept, no comfort nigh,  
Thou heardst, O LORD, thy people's cry:  
Tender as shepherd of his flock:  
When thro' the desert they were led,  
From heav'n thy bounty gave them bread,  
And pour'd them water from the rock.

*Jud.* Hear me! I mean to do an act shall live  
Throughout all generations: I will go  
Forth from the city to th' Assyrian camp,  
With this my virgin; and within the time  
Prescrib'd, the LORD shall save ye by my hand.  
But question not the scope of my design.  
For nought I will divulge till all be finish'd.



# J U D I T H.

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## A I R.

Remember what JEHOVAH swore,  
To Abram, and his seed of yore,  
Above 'tis on record;  
With this right hand I plant thy race,  
No power shall root it from its place;  
So spake the living LORD.  
And suns may melt, and stars decay,  
Both heaven and earth shall pass away,  
But not his sacred word.

## S C E N E VI.

OZIAS, CHARMIS.

*Char.* She breaths prophetic strains! Depart in peace,  
And the LORD GOD go with thee. Wonder not,  
My brethren, that upon this woman's strength  
We rest our hopes of safety! Through the tribes  
The fame of her religion is gone forth;  
And know, a single champion so provided,  
Is better than a host of the prophane.

## A I R.

Conquest is not, to bestow,  
In the spear, or in the bow;  
Nor does victory belong  
To the valiant or the strong.  
But the pious and the just,  
Those who in JEHOVAH trust;  
To their foes the sword may give,  
They shall triumph, they shall live.

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*Ozias.* Lo! where fair Judith, issuing from the gate,  
With her attendant, now descends the mountain:  
How beautiful she looks, and with what vigour  
She treads along!--'Tis God! 'tis God inspires her  
To some great purpose; laud his holy name.

## C H O R U S.

Hear, angels hear! celestial choirs,  
In rapture catch your golden lyres,  
With us your voices raise;  
To him the first, and last, be giv'n,  
In lowest earth, in highest heav'n,  
All glory, pray'r and praise.

END of the FIRST ACT.





## A C T. II. S C E N E I.

*The Assyrian-Camp, near Bethulia. HOLOFERNES, ASSYRIANS,  
JUDITH, and her Attendant.*

*Jud.* Thus, noble Holofernes, thou hast heard  
Why with this virgin I forsook yon city;  
Because th' inhabitants, by crimes most odious,  
Where drawing on themselves the wrath of Heaven.  
When the dread hour is nigh, God shall forewarn me,  
And I, by secret passes, will conduct  
Thee and thy troops, to the devoted walls:  
Nor shall Bethulia only fall a prey,  
But all Judea.

*Hol.* Wonder of thy sex!  
What language can express my admiration?  
What words do justice to thy excellence?  
For comeliness of form, and strength of mind,  
There is not such another.

*Jud.* Spoke my lord  
To his poor handmaid?---Let me not suppose it.  
Far be such vain thoughts from the wretch that toils  
In this dark vale of sin and misery.

A I R.

## J U D I T H.

## A I R.

Oh! strive not, with ill-suited praise,  
 Thy servant's humble mind to raise;  
 God be my pride, his holy ways  
 My ornaments alone :  
 This merit only rests with me,  
 That, through the veil of charity,  
 Another's blemishes I see,  
 Whilst I lament my own.

*Hol.* Strait thro' the camp let this command be issued,  
 That none presume t' approach the Hebrew women,  
 But with such due respect and reverence,  
 As suits the friends of the Assyrian king.  
 An unmolested passage let them find,  
 And ample liberty t' observe their laws,  
 Their customs, and religion.

## C H O R U S o f A S S Y R I A N S.

Live for ever !  
 Nebuchoddonosor and Holofernes!

*Hol.* Come, lovely Judith, for thy residence  
 Yonder superb pavilion we assign.

## A I R.

Adorn'd with ev'ry matchless grace  
 By Heav'n from whence she sprung,  
 We view the goddess in her face,  
 We hear it in her tongue.  
 Against such charms there's no defence;  
 O take ! possess me whole !  
 Thy beauty captivates my sense,  
 Thy wisdom quells my soul.



# J U D I T H.

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## CHORUS OF ASSYRIANS.

Rejoice! rejoice! Judea falls;  
Yon stubborn city bows her walls;  
Victors we come, her gates display,  
And desolation marks our way.  
While ev'ry sword from slaughter reeks,  
The virgin cries, the matron shrieks;  
Thro' her pale streets, groans, shouts resound,  
And all her turrets flame around.

## SCENE II.

J U D I T H, *in the Pavilion with her* ATTENDANT.

*Jud.* Thus far the LORD hath led us by the hand,  
Till in the midst of these idolators  
We are set down; but know, like sparks of fire  
Lodg'd in a heap of stubble, we shall soon  
Blaze and consume them. Only thou, my sister,  
Beware of their deceptions; nor with flatt'ry  
Let them intoxicate our reason.

*Attend.* Fear not.

The praises of the abandon'd to the ear  
Of Virtue, sounds but, like the serpent's hiss,  
A timely warning to avoid its sting.  
Too well by thy example am I taught  
To scorn the glitt'ring gewgaws they esteem.

## A I R.

Vain is beauty's gawdy flow'r,  
Pageant of a day, an hour,  
Born just to bloom and fade;  
Nor less weak, less vain than it,  
Is the pride of human wit,  
The shadow of a shade.

J U D I T H, A T T E N D A N T, A S S Y R I A N S.

*Jud.* Soft, break we off: what wanton troop comes yonder?  
 This way they bend their steps! Now speak your errand.  
 If from the great, the gracious Holofernes,  
 Ought in command ye bear, behold a vassal,  
 Submissive to the pleasure of her lord.

*A Man.* Thus then our general greets the peerless Judith.  
 To night he holds a banquet, and her presence  
 Only is wanting to compleat its splendor.  
 Further he charg'd me---but I need not speak it,  
 Charms have the Hebrews, and th' Assyrians hearts.

*A Wo.* Come, beauteous stranger! give a loose to joy---  
 Our general, amidst the noise of war,  
 Has a soul tun'd to all the softer passions---  
 Enough, she smiles consent; return we back  
 With the glad answer to our embassy.

A I R.

Haste to the gardens of delight,  
 Blest scene! where plenteous pleasures grow;  
 Where fruits luxuriant charm the sight,  
 And court the hand from ev'ry bough.

No churls are bid to Nature's treat:  
 The goods the Gods provide, employ;  
 To thank the givers, pluck and eat,  
 And satisfy thy soul with joy.

S C E N E



## J U D I T H.

II

## S C E N E IV.

JUDITH, ATTENDANT.

*Jud.* The lyon's in the toils, we have him fast,  
And never shall he stalk abroad again  
To make the forest tremble: hie we hence  
To this same banquet; yet imagine not,  
That my chaste body I will render up  
To fulsome purposes; no, God shall save me;  
To whose almighty guidance I resign  
Myself this night. Fall prostrate on the earth,  
Join me in fervent prayer, from heart and voice,  
Let our warm vows in unison aspire.

## D U E T.

O thou on whom the weak depend,  
Creator! father! champion! friend!  
Source divine of every blessing,  
Merciful beyond expressing,  
To thy vot'rist's suit, attend.  
Inspiration pure impart,  
Nerve her arms and steel her heart;  
Kind influence shed on this important hour,  
And as thou giv'st her courage, grant her pow'r.

S C E N E

## J U D I T H.

## S C E N E V.

*Changes to the Tent of HOLOFERNES, who appears standing at a Banquet with a Golden Goblet in his Hand, surrounded by Assyrian Lords.*

HOLOFERNES.

Crown me with laurels; bring the chaplets hither;  
With roses and with myrtle bind each brow,  
For we to day are conqu'rors. Thus surrounded,  
Like the fam'd son of Lybian Jove I stand,  
When to the Indian shores he led his legions,  
And Vict'ry fought beside him! Fill the Goblets!  
To father Bacchus pour libation due:  
Let mirth and musick testify devotion;  
So would the deity be prais'd and honour'd.

A I R.

Hail, immortal Bacchus! known  
By thy vine-encircled zone;  
By the crew that on thee wait,  
Thy rosy crest, and reeling gait.  
Hither, vested like the god,  
With thine ivy wreath, and rod;  
Hither come, in jolly pride,  
And o'er thy festive rites preside.

C H O R U S O F A S S Y R I A N S.

Hail, immortal Bacchus! known  
By thy vine-encircled zone;  
By the crew that on thee wait,  
Thy rosy crest, and reeling gait.  
Hither, vested like the god,  
With thine ivy wreath, and rod;  
Hither come, in jolly pride,  
And o'er thy festive rites preside.



## S C E N E VI.

HOLOFERNES, JUDITH, ATTENDANT, ASSYRIANS.

*Hol.* Silence each ruder sound, let nothing breathe  
But softest harmony.---Fair Judith comes,  
Another Venus by the graces led.

So when the sea-born goddess from the foam  
Prolific sprung, as on the boiling deep  
Her form appear'd, the loud winds fell to whispers,  
And the hush'd waves crept murm'ring to the shore.

*Jud.* Behold at thy command, O Holofernes!  
Thy handmaid stands before thee. "Is there ought  
" Which she can further do, that yet may make her  
" Appear more gracious in thy fight?"

*Hol.* Thy charms  
O'erpow'r me with their lustre! in a blaze  
Of beauty I am lost!---O let me lean  
My head upon thy bosom.

*Jud.* Shall I question  
What to my lord seems good? Recline thy head  
Here on my breast, while with my songs I lull thee,  
And sooth thy eager spirits to repose.

A I R.

Sleep, gentle cherub, Sleep descend!  
Thy healing wings protective spread,  
And o'er his sacred temples bend,  
O bend their salutary shade.

E

*A Man.* Bacchus to Venus has resign'd the hero.  
 With wine oppress'd, see, in extatic slumbers  
 His senses are dissolv'd; remove him gently  
 To th' inmost chamber of the tent; beneath  
 The purple canopy, beside his couch,  
 The fair shall watch, and guard him while he sleeps.

CHORUS OF ASSYRIANS.

Prepare the genial bow'r, prepare!  
 And thou, the ruler of the sphere,  
     Night! halt thy sable wain:  
 Halt, and shed double darkness round;  
 Be still each motion, hush'd each sound,  
     Let love and silence reign.

END of the SECOND ACT.



## A C T. III. S C E N E I.

OZIAS, CHARMIS, JUDITH, ATTENDANT.

*Ozias.* Great are thy works, O God! and wonderful  
The mercy which thou shew'st the sons of men.  
Daughter proceed, how 'scap'st thou undefil'd?

*Jud.* When we were left together in the tent,  
There Holofernes lay upon his bed  
Stupid with wine: I rais'd my eyes to Heaven;  
Then came the Spirit of the LORD upon me,  
And drawing from its sheath his shining faulchion  
I smote him twice, and struck away his head.  
This damsel waited in the outward chamber,  
And having from my hand receiv'd the prize,  
Trusting in God, together we came forth,  
And pass'd unquestioned till we reach'd Bithulia.

*Ozias.* Blessed art thou, O Judith, among women.  
What thou hast wrought to-day for Israel  
Shall be remembered to thy praise for ever.

## A I R.

'Mongst hero's and sages recorded,  
Thou fairest and foremost shalt shine;  
For fame is the meed that's awarded,  
To recompence virtue like thine.  
Whilst men in a just admiration  
Of wisdom and valour agree;  
So long ev'ry age, ev'ry nation,  
Shall hallow a laurel to thee.

## S C E N E II.

JUDITH, OZIAS, CHARMIS, ATTENDANT, PEOPLE.

*Jud.* Behold, my brethren, how the LORD hath smitten,  
 By a weak woman's hand, thine enemy.  
 Here, take his head, and hang it on our walls:  
 Gird every man his sword upon his thigh,  
 And feign yourselves preparing all for battle:  
 Th' Assyrians will perceive ye are in motion,  
 And straitway call their general, Holofernes;  
 But no cries wake the dead; then shall they fear;  
 And fly before you, while you thunder down,  
 And overthrow them with a mighty slaughter.

## A I R.

O LORD, our GOD! tremendous rise,  
 In battle dreadful mount the storm;  
 Before thy face whilst vengeance flies,  
 Thy wrathful mandates to perform,  
 And blast thine enemies.

"In thine anger hot and fierce,  
 "Melt their hearts, their hopes disperse;  
 "Sweep their bands like chaff away,  
 "And cast them to the dogs a prey."

## C H O R U S.

Who can JEHOVAH's wrath abide,  
 Who from his searching fury hide?

He lifts his arm in ire:  
 Hell shrinks from the impending stroke,  
 The hills recede; the mountains smoke;  
 Earth trembles, heaven's on fire.